

# The Musical World.

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## THE SEASON 1852.

THE busiest season known for years in London, so far as music is concerned, is now on its last legs. What with operas, oratorios, concerts, and miscellanies, the head of harmonious Bull has been in a whirl—not to say wind. So many sounds of so many voices and instruments were possibly never before compressed into so brief a passage of time. Music has run *prestissimo*, while the old fellow with the scythe has hobbled in at his usual pace. Tune has fairly beaten Time. To have heard all would have required a dozen pairs of ears—ears that might be sent by proxy to divers places at the same hour; to have seen all as many of eyes—we only heard and saw a fraction of the great medley; but we heard enow.

Whether the season has been as fructuous as long, as profitable as prurient, is another question. We think not. The operas—the great Italian operas—have been in a fix about Joanna Wagner. One was to have her; the other was to have her; neither had her. The public were disappointed. Joanna fled in dismay, to make the best of it, at Hamburg and Berlin, with the Royal Italian bank notes in her pouch. In this instance, although there was a counterpoint, it was not note against note, but note against nothing. To make short tale, the Wagner affair disorganised the Opera season. But this was not all. Sophie Cruvelli, in the middle of the season, when all eyes were upon her, as the star of Her Majesty's Theatre, and its main stay, suddenly disappeared. The public was expecting to hear her in *Desdemona*, and in *Lucrezia*, and in *Valentine*, and in *Ninetta*, and in *Casilda*, when lo! Sophie was not. She was *non est*—she was *is not*—and it was no use to take out writs against her. For once *Fidelio* was not faithful. Ah, *So—fi done!* This was a fatal stroke to Mr. Lumley, who, on receiving it, advertised his great theatre to LET. The why and wherefore of it is beside the question. As we said before, touching Oxford, so we say now, touching the other, we will undertake Sophie's defence at a pinch. Though no barristers or Templemen, we will appear as advocates in her cause, if called upon. Sophie shall not be letted by bar'rators, deforsors, or the like. It must not be thought of.

It is not the time to recapitulate the events of the opera season. Everything in its place; we have said enough to show that both establishments were bothered by untoward events. How they will eventually hold their heads above water we

cannot guess. We prophesy they will, nevertheless—both of them—we warrant it.

The Sacred Harmonic Societies, London and Original, have both carried on the war. The first has been prosperous. Spohr's visit to London was the signal for the long-promised *Cateary*, and his presence gave a special interest to its performance, which, by the way, will, it is to be hoped, be better next time. The London Sacred has been embroiled in squabbles which threaten to eat up its vitals. *Tant pis.*

Old Drury crept through the winter, like a mole under ground. Bunn brought out a new English singer, young and promising—Miss Crichton (Browne) from the Academy, who has just gone to Milan to study and practise her art. *Tant mieux.* Bunn also brought out a new opera of Balfe in four acts—*The Sicilian Bride*—the twenty-third dramatic work, we believe, of the vivid, vivacious, and various Hibernian, who is going to launch a twenty-fourth, on Monday, at the Surrey—*Tant mieux*, again.

As for the societies—Philharmonic, old and new, Musical Union, Quartet Association, Amateur, Beethoven Quartet, &c., they have cut a good figure, without exception. The great fact has been the establishment of the New Philharmonic, which has created a sensation in the public mind rivalling that which followed the institution of the Royal Italian Opera in 1847. The little fact has been the establishment of the Quartet Association, of which the principle is that of the German institutions—viz.: always to have the same players. Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatti are resolute men, and likely to carry their scheme into completion. Mr. Hill has seceded from the Musical Union, which is a pity. On the other hand Mr. Ella has magnanimously regaled his subscribers. All the violinists of passage—Vieuxtemps, Joachim, Sivori, Laub, &c.—and the pianists of passage—Mad. Pleyel, Mdlle. Clauss, Hallé, Pauer, &c., have successively appeared at the sittings, and the result has been both satisfactory and profitable.

The concerts that made the most *bruit* were the two given by Madame Pleyel, that of Joseph Joachim, that of Mdlle. Clauss, Mellon, Pratten, and Hausmann. Mdlle. Rosa Kastner, a young German pianist, also gave a concert, which attracted considerable attention. We hope to hear more of her.

Meanwhile, Sterndale Bennett, the first mover of the "classical pianoforte music" sittings, has been going on delighting and instructing his patrons. Lindsay Sloper, Aguilar, &c., in his wake, also supported the honour of the

English school; and Alexandre Billet has persisted, with indefatigable zeal, accompanied by proportionate ability, in his crusade in favour of the great, and too much neglected, piano-forte composers, at St. Martin's Hall.

The triumph of Hector Berlioz, who is now fully appreciated in this country, was so copiously adverted to in our reviews of the New Philharmonic Society, that the simple allusion to it is enough in this place. The visit of the illustrious Spohr, as was to be expected, proved honourable alike to himself and his English admirer; and the production of *Faust* will stand recorded as an epoch in the history of the Royal Italian Opera. Had Mr. Costa no other claim to respect and popularity than that which comes from the enthusiasm he exhibited in all that related to the necessary preparations for the production of Spohr's *chef-d'œuvre*, he would have immortalised himself. If the opera had been his own, Mr. Costa would not have displayed half the zeal he displayed on behalf of the veteran composer of Germany.

The visit of M. Ferdinand Hiller, a composer of deserved celebrity, must be put down as an item of equal interest and importance.

After the Great Exhibition last year, when the "Council medal" was handed to M. Erard, it was hinted that the most distinguished pianists objected to play upon English pianos, since they were not calculated for effect. The contrary has been established by Madame Pleyel, whose brilliant performances on the instruments of Broadwood, this season, have constituted a series of triumphs almost unprecedented in the career of any executive artist. Thus, while the French house had the medal, the English house got the glory.

The season 1852 will probably terminate with the production and, let us hope, great success of Jullien's first dramatic opera, *Pietro il Grande*, at the Royal Italian Opera.

And then away, not to the moors, but to the musical festivals.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### MADAME CHARTON.

In a letter addressed to M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and published in the *feuilleton* of the *Semaphore de Marseilles*, the writer, M. G. Bénédict, a critic of high reputation in the French provinces, alludes in the most flattering terms to the talents and popularity of Mad. Charton, who was *prima donna* at the Opera of Marseilles, during the last autumn and winter. We extract the whole passage:—

"I have still a duty to fulfil—it is to call attention to the artist, who, by her admirable talent as singer and comedian, has the most contributed to the success of your works. I allude to Mad. Charton Demeur. To see this charming lady in the *Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté*, and the *Caid*, one would think she had been expressly created for those two operas, so different in style and character. In Elizabeth she is the personification of queenly dignity; in Virginie, she exhibits grace, vivacity, and comic gaiety in all their most amiable and communicative relations. In telling you this do not think

I exaggerate in the least. I am but an echo of the universal sentiment. Even you, Sir, who have so long applauded our most renowned cantatrices, in Paris, would find a large place in your admiration for one who represents so worthily the art of song and of declamation at the Grand Theatre of Marseilles since last year, if you were only to hear her in one scene of the *Songe*, and in the air of the second act of the *Caid*. This air, executed by Mad. Charton, is a marvel of skill. Voice, gesture, regard, physiognomy, combine in translating all the *finesses* of your idea. And then, what *verve*!—what richness of vocalisation! In the hands of Mad. Charton this descriptive picture of the tribulations of a young affianced girl becomes lighted up in all its parts. Nothing is lost to the ear or to the intelligence of the spectator. When we remember that the part of Virginie was not composed for Mad. Charton, it is impossible to do otherwise than doubly admire that enchanting artist, who interprets it with so rare, and I may add so complete a talent.

"It would, indeed, be difficult to say in what character Mad. Charton is superior to herself. Whether she plays Allenais or Marguerite de Valois, Rosina or Catarina, the *Chatelaine* in the *Comte Ory* or Bertha in the *Prophète*, the same brilliant style, the same purity of taste, the same perfect *convenance*, the same distinction of manner which contrasts so strongly with the vulgar demeanour and ridiculous exaggeration of the majority of provincial singers are always observable.

"A sincere artist, seriously occupied in perfecting her talent, endowed with a rare instinct for comprehending and analysing the different kinds of theatrical music, Mad. Charton invests all the personages she represents with a peculiar stamp, which makes of each a new creation. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Hal vy, Auber, Donizetti—in a word all the masters who have written for the stage—thus find in this able artist a faithful interpreter, whose voice and intelligence reproduce their music with unaccustomed *eclat*. Up to this moment Mad. Charton has not failed in a single part, even in those which, being out of her special domain, present the greatest obstacles to surmount. She has succeeded in everything. Just as we were congratulating her upon her singing in the *Fée aux Roses* she achieved another success in *Don Pasquale*, and, on the night of closing, the *Sonnambula* of Bellini crowned the long series of triumphs which the public had been successively decreeing her for the previous six months. The temporary adieu of the public of Marseilles to Mad. Charton was such as an artist can never forget. Besides bravos and applause, the *cantatrice* was recalled several times with enthusiasm, and, for more than two hours, the stage was literally strewed with flowers."

As Mad. Charton is about to sing for a limited number of nights at Her Majesty's Theatre, the above apostrophe of M. Bénédict will be read with the more interest. This will be the first essay of the popular French *prima donna* upon the Italian stage.

#### FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—The director of the Fine Arts has just decided on placing in the *Foyer* (saloon) of this theatre, the busts of the principal celebrities whose works were represented there. In consequence of this decision, fourteen busts have been ordered of different artists. These busts include those of eight composers, namely, Monsigny, Grétry, Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Boieldieu, Nicolò, and Hérold; and those of six

dramatic authors, namely, Favart, Ledeeine, Marmontel, Marsollier, St. Just, and Etienne.

Emile Prudent, the celebrated pianist, according to the *Gazette Musicale*, has received the offer of a brilliant engagement, to accompany Madame Sontag to America. It is not yet known, adds the *Gazette*, whether the eminent artist will or will not accept the offer.

The first representation of the new opera of M. Maillart, entitled *La Croix d'Or*, at the Opera Comique, was fixed for Monday last.

Adolphe Adam is engaged on a new opera, in three acts, for next season, at the Théâtre Lyrique, under the direction of M. Jules Leveste.

Georges Bousquet is writing the music of a two-act opera for the same theatre.

Tamburini and Madame Persiani had hardly arrived here, on their return from St. Petersburg, before they assisted at a brilliant fête, given at the *Mairie* of Neuilly. Alexis Dupond and Madame Persiani sang a duet of Alary together.

The young violinist, Paul Jullien, has arrived at New York. He took his passage on board the Franklin, and during the voyage gave a concert. The receipts amounted to more than 600 francs, which the artist presented to the captain, in order that the latter might forward it to the asylum for the poor orphans and widows of the American navy.

Madame Steiner Beaucé, sister of Madame Ugalde, has just signed a magnificent engagement with the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels.

It is said that the tenor, Bauche, is engaged at the opera, but the report requires confirmation.

Vieuxtemps is returned, after having definitively decided on giving up Russia, and the position he occupied there.

The tenor, Rousseau de Lagrave, quits the Opera. It is his intention to sing in the provinces, and in Germany, Italy, &c. He will commence by appearing at Chamberg.

MUNICH.—Baron Louis de Freuli, intendant of the Italian Opera here, has just died, at the age of eighty-one.

NAPLES.—*La Gazette Musicale*, a new musical journal, which has commenced under very promising auspices, speaks in terms of high praise of the artists who sang, at the Theatre Royal, in the *Otello* of Rossini, and the *Luisa Miller* of Verdi. The writer says, that La Penco, the prima donna, possesses a magnificent voice, and elicited the warmest marks of admiration. Borghi-Marno was very successful as Count Allo, and the tenor, Pancani, was equally fortunate in exciting the approbation of the audience.

The keeper of the archives, in the Musical College, has just obtained possession of the precious collection of Cimarosa's autographs. The celebrated composer was in the habit of sending all his compositions to the Cardinal Gonzalvo, who was one of his greatest admirers. On the cardinal's death, all the manuscripts were given, in obedience to his will, to the composer's son, Paolo Cimarosa, and the latter, in the interest of art, has just given up the precious collection to the Musical College. Among the other papers, there are a great number of unpublished compositions. Paolo Cimarosa has received, in return for his magnificent present, an annuity of two thousand ducats. He had been previously offered twice that sum by the publishers, but he refused, thinking that he was consulting the true interests of the art by so doing.

STUTTGARD.—Thérèse Milanollo gave a concert here on 22nd of June.

SWEDEN, which has already produced Jenny Lind and Mdle. Nissen, has just sent another songstress, who is said to possess a beautiful voice, most excellently cultivated. This lady's name is Mdle. Westersland. She is at present staying in Berlin, in order to perfect herself in the German language.

MADRID.—All the papers speak in high terms of Gottschalk's success. At his last concert, in the *Teatro del Principe*, he had a magnificent crown thrown him on the stage.

#### MR. LUMLEY'S MANAGERIAL CAREER.

Now that the public is informed by means of official announcement that the present management will terminate with this season, a short review of the novelties produced during Mr. Lumley's career may not be unacceptable. A hasty glance at the list will show that there has been no want of enterprising spirit, even though the Parcæ have appeared somewhat unkindly at the end. It is necessary to state that we call attention to novelties alone, and that we generally pass over the legacies left to Mr. Lumley by Mr. Laporte, whether they be old operas, artists who, like M. Lablache, have adhered to the house through good and evil report, or artists who have gone over to the other lyrical establishment.

Mr. Lumley's career began in 1842, when Madame Frezzolini, M. G. Ronconi, Mademoiselle Moltini, and M. Guasco made their first appearance before a London public. It is since that period that M. Ronconi has acquired his high reputation. As for Mademoiselle Moltini, she will remain fresh in the memory of the public as a charming singer who disappeared too soon from their gaze. The *ballet* was most brilliant this season. *Giselle*, with Mdle. C. Grisi, and *Alma*, two of the few works in this class not foredoomed to speedy oblivion, were both played for the first time, and it may be remarked that although Mdle. Cerito made her *début* during the management of M. Laporte, it was not till the production of *Alma* she took that high position which has since proved so advantageous in London and in Paris. Perrot, who in former times had given such lustre to the *ballet*, returned to Her Majesty's Theatre this year after a long absence, and the season received additional *éclat* from the farewell engagement of Signor Rubini, the first of the "old guard" who retired from the service.

The following season—the season of 1843—rendered us acquainted with Fornassari. *Belisario*, in which he made his *début*, took the town by storm, and though he did not afterwards maintain the fame he had acquired in depicting the hero of the Eastern Empire, he remained for some seasons as a serviceable actor of more than common versatility. The production of *Don Pasquale* and *Linla di Chamouni* is almost sufficient to mark this season as an epoch in modern musical history. If we except *La Figlia del Reggimento*, they are the best Italian operas that have achieved a permanent success, and the works that have followed them have either been translations from the French operatic stage or emanations from Verdi—a name that no possible effort can render venerable in this country. The *ballet* this year gained an important accession in the person of the graceful Adèle Dumilatre, and was rendered strong by the combination of Cerito, Fanny Elssler, and Guy Stephan.

The engagements of Mademoiselle Favanti and Signor Moriani, in 1844, did not turn out so well as had been anticipated, and *Don Carlos*, an opera by Signor Costa, was anything but a success. The *ballet* in the meanwhile proceeded



brilliantly, Mademoiselle C. Grisi has never had so popular a dance as *Le Truandaise* in *Esmeralda*, which was now played for the first time, and Mademoiselle Cerito by the *Pas de l'Ombre* in *Ondine* added fresh laurels to those she had already gained in *Alma*. Several new singers—Madame Castellan, Madame Rita Borio, Madame Rossi Caccia, and M. Baroilhet—appeared in 1845, when the production of *Ernani* first made us acquainted with Verdi. Lucille Grahn now became a conspicuous figure in the *ballet*, which this season reached its culminating point in the immortal *pas de quatre*. Several other works in the Terpsichorean department were produced this year, and an agreeable variety was given to operatic entertainments by the performances of the juvenile *Dauseuses Viennoises*.

In 1846 the Opera-house, the *salle* of which had been neglected for so many years, opened with all the superb decorations which have since adorned it. Two other operas of Verdi, *Nabucodonosor*, altered into *Nino*, and *I Lombardi*, were played for the first time, and Mademoiselles Sanchioli and Corbari made their *débuts*. The excitement produced in the preceding year by the *pas de quatre* was in some measure continued by the *Jugement de Paris*, better remembered as the *pas de cinq*, which also had the advantage of Mademoiselle Taglioni's co-operation. The new *ballets*, *Catarina* and *Lalla Rookh*, were likewise produced this year.

The year 1847 was for two reasons the most important in the operatic annals. Several of Mr. Lumley's leading artists, and nearly the whole of his band, had founded a rival establishment at Covent-garden, and from this time a sharp competition was commenced. But the appearance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind on the 4th of May procured for Mr. Lumley a complete triumph in the first instance, and a musical *furor* ensued, for which those who are too young to remember the excitement caused by Catalini can find no comparison. *Roberto il Diavolo* (for the first time in Italian), *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *La Favorita* were produced during this remarkable engagement, as well as a new opera, called *I Masnadieri*, which Verdi composed expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, but which proved a failure. The *débuts* of MM. Gardoni and Standigl were important events this year, and Rosati, who has retained her position to the present day, was a valuable accession to the Terpsichorean department. Several new *ballets*, beautifully decorated, were brought out, but Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was the leading personage of the day, and all other means of attraction were cast comparatively into the shade.

The *Lind furor* continued throughout the year 1848, when M. Belletti and Mr. Sims Reeves made their first appearance. Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, since so illustrious, also came out at the commencement of the season, but without attracting much attention, and Madame Tadolini, who brought with her a vast continental celebrity, varied the entertainments. A very pretty *ballet*, called *Fiorita*, gave something of an impulse to the second department, which was still rendered most brilliant by the presence of Carlotta Grisi, Rosati, Marie Taglioni (who made her *début* the previous year), and Cerito, but, nevertheless, the interest in the *ballet*, tried by the standard of 1845, had sensibly diminished.

The secession of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind in 1849 was the cause of much difficulty to the management. Mademoiselle Alboni, one of the most delightful singers ever heard, made her *début* at this theatre, having previously sung at the Royal Italian, and Mademoiselle Parodi achieved a respectable success, but the public was not to be satisfied

without Jenny Lind. A compromise was attempted in the shape of a concert, at which an entire opera (*Zauberflöte*) was played, and in which Mademoiselle Lind took a prominent part, but this scheme proved a failure, and at last the "Nightingale" consented to appear on the stage as an acting vocalist for six representations more. With these terminated her dramatic career, but during the latter portion of the season some excitement was caused by the engagement—after many years' absence from the stage—of Madame Sontag. This season M. Calzolari was engaged for the first time.

In 1850 the names of Mademoiselles Catherine Hayes, Giuliani, Ida Bertrand, and Madame Fiorentini were added to the list of vocalists, and Baucarde, a new tenor, was moderately successful. *La Tempesta*, written expressly for the theatre by M. Halévy, was brought out with a strong cast and every accessory of decoration, but by no means established itself as a permanent favourite. The *ballet* in the meanwhile received a new impulse from the engagement of Mademoiselle Ferraris, and *Les Métamorphoses*, sustained by Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi, was one of the most striking works of the kind produced for some seasons.

The year 1851 was a year of new operas. *Gustavus* was played in Italian for the first time, *Le tre Nozze* by Alary, and *Il Prodigio*, and *Zerlina* by Auber, recent productions of the Parisian stage, were transported to London, and *Florinda*, an opera composed for Her Majesty's Theatre by M. Thalberg, was brought out and failed. It may here be remarked, that in no particular has Mr. Lumley shown more spirit than in the engagement of foreign musicians to write original works for his house, and yet on no one occasion has his enterprise in this respect been rewarded with success. The *débuts* of several new *prime donne*—Mademoiselles C. Duprez, Alaymo, Barbieri Nini, and Sophie Cruvelli—signalized this year. Although the last-named of these ladies appeared some years before, her virtual *début* was in 1851, and during the latter part of the season the establishment was chiefly supported by her talents and exertions. *L'Île des Amours*, in which the costume of Watteau's paintings was introduced, was an attempt to give an air of novelty to the *ballet*, but nevertheless the ancient glories were not to be revived.

It would be premature to recapitulate the season of 1852, which has not been as yet marked by any striking novelty beyond the engagements of Madame de la Grange and M. Bassini. In the above brief summary, we have omitted the mention of many minor details, particularly in the *ballet* department, but nevertheless the most rapid survey will suffice to show the reader that the quantity of fresh talent brought before public notice during the ten years of the now expiring management has been great indeed.

#### ALBONI IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From the New York Herald.)

ON Wednesday evening, the 23rd ult., at Metropolitan Hall, Alboni gave her first concert in the United States. In that concert we promised the lovers of musical art that they would have one of the rarest treats they ever enjoyed. The event has realized our most sanguine expectations. It was a truly delightful entertainment—a glorious feast of music for the audience, and for the artist a brilliant triumph, without being marred by a single drawback. No words of ours can convey to the mind of the reader the delicious quality of the voice of Alboni—to be understood it must be heard. It is one of those things that can only be met with in an age.

There is no living contralto voice equal to it. There never, perhaps, was such a contralto voice before. It is the very soul and essence of melody. It is the very opposite of Jenny Lind's voice, and the only voice that we can recollect that is like it in quality is the lower part of Catherine Hayes's voice, which is so much admired.

On making her appearance, the distinguished vocalist was enthusiastically received, as if the audience felt complete confidence in her success from the high reputation she brought with her from Europe. Her hair was plain and turned back, and she wore a white dress, with a pretty rose in her bosom. A dark dress would probably have become her large figure better. But she looked very well as she was. She has a most good-humoured, good-looking, good-natured face, almost a jolly expression of countenance, which suggests the homely proverb of "laugh and be fat." She had not the slightest affectation about her.

Her first song was "Ecomi al fine in Babilonia," from Rossini's opera of *Semiramide*. When she was about to commence, the audience were breathless with attention. A pin might be heard fall. She had not got through the first line when the quality of her voice was revealed to the evident delight of the whole audience, who, at the end of the second line, could no longer retain their impulse to give expression to their feelings, and shouted "Bravo, bravo," in the most impassioned manner. Two or three shakes in this gem were exceedingly beautiful, and the cadence was performed in a style of finish that proved the accomplished *artiste*. The applause was most tumultuous, and she was called out amidst renewed and prolonged expressions of the greatest enthusiasm. Beautiful as this song was, it was eclipsed by the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Never did we hear the "Drinking Song" so warbled by any other voice. It produced a *furor* of excitement; and she responded to as hearty an encore as ever was given. In this song she executed the most beautiful shake, and at the same time of the longest duration, we ever heard. She was also encoired in the duet from *Don Pasquale*, which she sang very sweetly, without ornament. But the crowning triumph of the night, and the fitting *finale* to the concert, was the splendid and celebrated rondo, "Non piu mesta," from Rossini's opera of *Cenerentola*. With this song she electrified the audience; and so impatient were they to applaud, that they interrupted her in the midst of the most exquisite passages. Loud shouts of "Bravo" were heard, and when she concluded, the whole audience rose and waved their hats and handkerchiefs in the most excited manner, while she laughed all the time as if she was enjoying a very good joke. They called loudly for an encore, and, on her re-appearance, showers of bouquets fell around her. She caught one in her hand, which elicited a laugh from the audience. Again they applauded her to the echo, but she withdrew without singing the encore. There never was a more successful concert. There was not—there could not be—any difference of opinion about her, as there has been about Jenny Lind. There was but one feeling. The characteristics of her voice are, great power, strength, and volume, not only without coarseness, but of the finest, softest, and richest texture, depth, and great purity, with a most remarkable sympathetic touching quality. It is as fresh as the song of the lark when he soars to heaven at the first dawn of day, with the dew upon his breast. And what is peculiar to Alboni, those luscious notes gush from her without an effort. What has been said by some of the Swedish nightingale, but is not true of her, is true of Alboni—that she

sings like a bird—with such ease does she glide through the mazes of the melody. She scarcely moves a muscle. The whole charm is in the voice itself, and it seems to do everything. She uses very little embellishment—which, in her case, would be like gilding refined gold. Altogether, Alboni has every prospect of a most brilliant career in the United States.

[The following short extract *apropos* of Alboni's second concert, is from an article in the *Musical Times*, the last number of which journal has just reached us:—]

#### ALBONI'S SECOND CONCERT.

Alboni's second concert took place at the Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening, the 31st June. The audience was a large one. The heat was intense. Kid gloves and fans had double duty to perform, in applause and ventilation, and men dissolved in rapture and perspiration simultaneously. The star of the night, evidently one of the first magnitude, shone clear and cool, notwithstanding; the "sweet breaths" of the multitude, or excess of caloric, were alike powerless to excite emotion or less ethereal disturbance, and she sang with that perfect ease, neatness, and rapidity of vocalization in which she is unmatchable. Of the pieces she sang, her marvellous "Non piu mesta," divided the honours with "Carini senti un poco." Everything she sang was received with enthusiasm, even "Una notte d'amore," Arditti's lack-a-daisical composition. Sangiovani and Rovere were well received.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The second performance of *Otello* on Saturday calls for but few remarks. The singers were all in force, and Madame de la Grange obtained a signal success in Desdemona. This character is undoubtedly one of the most finished and satisfactory assumptions of the fair artist, who therein proves herself almost quite at home in Rossini's music.

The opera was followed by the new ballet, *Zelie*.

On Tuesday *Cenerentola* was re-produced, for the purpose of introducing Mademoiselle Favanti in the character of Angelina. Mademoiselle Favanti, it must be known to our readers, first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in—"I like to be particular in dates"—1844—1845—1846. She debuted in Arsace in *Semiramide*. She had a powerful party who supported her through thick and thin, and by the instrumentality of constrained applause and hired bouquets, contrived to procure an equivocal verdict in her favour. Mademoiselle Favanti, however, had powerful opponents in those possessed of clear judgments and sound ears. Her voice, to them, appeared sufficiently fresh, limpid, and strong, but the intonation was so faulty that every charm was lost. Whether this proceeded from nervousness or faulty hearing could only be ascertained after a few performances; and when, after repeated trials, her intonation was still as unsteady as on the first night of her appearance, she was pronounced incorrigible; and the fair artist retired soon into private life, not overburdened with the weight of the laurels acquired at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mademoiselle Favanti subsequently was seen and heard on rare occasions—*longo intervallo*—at concert rooms, but never menaced the public with another visitation on the stage until Tuesday night, when she played Alboni's great part, Angelina, in Rossini's great comic opera, *Cenerentola*.

Alas! for the advice of friends. Save us therefrom! We

are sorry to write down hard terms, especially of a lady, who, from all we hear of her, is exceedingly clever, and most amiable in private life. Mademoiselle Favanti's performance must have proved as disheartening to her friends as it was gratifying to her enemies, if the fair singer could be supposed to have any. She sang out of tune from the first bar of the ballad, "Once a King"—to use the vernacular—to the last bar of the "Non piu mesta." But more than this, Madlle. Favanti's voice seems to have lost that fulness and clearness which, despite of its faulty intonation, could not be disallowed when she first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. In short, nothing could be more impolitic and injudicious on the part of her friends than bringing Mademoiselle Favanti before the public. Whatever the talents and capacities of the lady, singing on the stage is not one of them. Under these circumstances we shall not attempt to criticise Mademoiselle Favanti's performance on Tuesday night. The applause and bouquets showered on her must go for nothing in the estimation of any person endowed with common ears; and, generally speaking, the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are not utterly destitute in that respect; or, if incompetent to hear distinctly, they do not hesitate to make use of the ear trumpet. For the sake of the lady herself, we trust she will never again appear before a public audience.

With the exception of Signor Ferranti, who played Dandini with some spirit and little humour, and sang the music well, though somewhat tamely, the characters were the same as before. Lablache's Don Magnifico is one of two finest comic parts; and Calzolari, always admirable in Rossini's music, makes an excellent Don Ramiro.

The ballet of *Zelie* followed.

To-night will be produced an entirely new ballet divertissement, entitled *La Bouquetiere*, for Madlles. Guy Stephan, Rosa, Esper, Allegrini, Lamoureux, Pascales, Louise Fleury, and M. Durand.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Faust* was repeated for the second and third time on Saturday and Tuesday, Spohr presiding in the orchestra. The beauties of this great work become more apparent with each successive hearing, and, despite the absurdity and uninteresting nature of the plot, we have no doubt that the opera will constitute, after a certain time, when made more familiar to the public, one of the most popular works in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera.

The performances on both nights alluded to, especially on the part of the chorus, were smoother and more satisfactory. Tamberlik was still finer than on the Thursday, and roused the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, in the scena with chorus, in the first act, which he sang magnificently and to perfection. Madlle. Anna Zerr, Ronconi, and Formes were as admirable as ever; indeed, the lady delighted and surprised us, no less by the chasteness and purity of her singing, than by the earnestness and truthfulness of her acting. That Madlle. Anna Zerr is one of the most worthy of the Royal Italian Opera company no one can now deny. Every subsequent performance establishes this fact.

The *Huguenots* was given for the last time on Thursday, and attracted a crowded audience.

Signor Negrini has arrived, and will shortly, we understand, appear in *Ernani*.

Jullien's opera, *Pietro il Grande*, is in rehearsal, and will be produced the week after next. The management has spared no expense to produce Jullien's new work in a style of the utmost splendour and magnificence.

#### Dramatic.

HAYMARKET.—We remember having read, in the days of our youth, a period now so long passed by, that we must be pardoned for not recollecting in what particular book, a long account of certain travellers, belonging, if we are not mistaken, to the missionary persuasion, who, after wandering about some hitherto unexplored country, and being reduced to such a state of starvation, that a piece of shoe leather was looked upon as a most luscious delicacy, arrived one day on the sea coast, and were suddenly raised to the seventh heaven of delight, by seeing a gibbet, and a poor unfortunate wretch dangling therefrom. To quote the book to which we have alluded, and of which we have forgotten the name, "on beholding this object,"—namely the gibbet with its dependant,—"we felt that our sufferings were at an end, for it was plain we were in a civilised part of the country." It is a pleasing reflection that, though the pious travellers were not wrong in their conclusion, civilisation does not altogether confine itself to hanging men. For instance, to quote the time-honoured verse of the Eton Latin grammar;—

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus."

Thanks to the influence of civilisation, men are far less brutal than they formerly were, save, of course, in such exceptional cases as an election row, or a good bigoted Protestant riot, like that which occurred at Stockport lately—they have become kinder and gentler to one another. Of no persons is this more true than of critics, more especially dramatic critics. Half a century ago, a dramatic critic used to be a terrible being, going to work with a cold-blooded determination, and cutting up those who came beneath his pen with a degree of ferocity which would have done infinite honour to those interesting creatures, the Red Indians, for whose eccentric little peculiarities, such as scalping and tomahawking their victims, Fenimore Cooper excited so charming a sympathy in the breasts of all the novel-reading young ladies in England and America. Now-a-days, however, the dramatic critic is another kind of personage altogether. His disposition is one which, more than that of any other man, yields to the humanising effects of civilisation, as certainly as the stone which our discerning rulers always select (at the public cost), for our public edifices, is inevitably of that kind which most speedily crumbles away under the influence of our climate. But although the dramatic critic of the present generation is pre-eminently good-natured and laudatory, there are occasions when he feels that some slight degree of severity—not much, only a little—is imperatively necessary. One of these occasions presented itself on Saturday night last, when a new comedieta, entitled *Our New Ladies' Maid*, was produced at this theatre. The piece is evidently an adaptation from the French. The principal personage is a certain Blanche de la Valette, a young lady of noble blood, who is obliged to take refuge, for certain political reasons, with a bosom friend of hers, also a young lady of noble blood, and, in order to escape detection, disguises herself as her friend's maid. Now the said friend has a brother—a young and accomplished Baron—who—but need we continue? does not the reader already see what will take place? Of course he does; for every subscriber to the *MUSICAL WORLD* proves, by the very fact of his being one, that he is a person of great sense—therefore, as we before said, of course he does. He sees that *Our New Ladies' Maid* indignantly repels the rather unceremonious advances of the Baron, whom she has fascinated by an air of dignity peculiarly her own, and which pierces through the menial



garb she has adopted. He sees that the Baron, who does not at all understand this sort of thing, being accustomed to the *veni, vidi, vici* business, is at first rather savage, then rude, then sulky. He sees that, in spite of his offended *amour-propre*, however, the Baron eventually returns to the attack; and after being again and again struck—every successive time harder than before—by *Our New Ladies' Maid's* beauty, wit, and Pamela-like virtue, finds out who she really is, and, of course, espouses her. As is evident from our *résumé*, the subject is not of that startling interest to take away a man's breath, but still it offers several opportunities for some very cleverly conceived situations, and some nice, smooth dialogue. Mr. Green's Royal Nassau Balloon will double up under the seat of a chaise when the distinguished *aéronaut* has safely effected his descent, and is returning across country to town again, or it will swell out to the size of a house when properly filled with gas. *Our New Ladies' Maid* resembles Mr. Green's Royal Nassau Balloon. It will likewise "double up" into a very small compass, or assume a full, fair shape, according as the character of Blanche de la Valette finds an inefficient or an efficient representative. We are sorry that we are obliged to say that Mrs. Temple, who made her first appearance at the Haymarket in this character, must decidedly be reckoned an inefficient representative. It is true, that after the fall of the curtain had dispelled the dull, gloomy apathy which had reigned in the theatre during the piece, Mrs. Temple was led on by Mr. Leigh Murray, in obedience to a call for her re-appearance; but what does that prove? Simply this: that Mrs. Temple is unfortunately not aware how much good, sterling sense is contained in the old Spanish saying—"Heaven, deliver me from my friends." No one has ever had more cause to say so than Mrs. Temple. The injudicious applause she received on Saturday is calculated to do her great injury. It will no doubt lead her to suppose that she is a good actress; such is far from being the case. Mrs. Temple may be—and, for aught we know to the contrary, is—a most accomplished and amiable lady, doing the honours of the dinner table with infinite grace, and eclipsing every one else in a ball-room, by her easy, good breeding. But there is an awful difference between the stage and private life. The most elegant and most graceful man looks absurd and awkward on a stage. Some of our readers may, for instance, have seen at a conjuring exhibition a very "heavy swell" greeted with shouts of laughter, on account of the stupid and ridiculous figure he cut directly he set foot upon the wizard's platform. Mrs. Temple may turn out a good actress; time, and time alone, will show that; but if ever she does do so, she must be content to believe that she at present knows nothing, and has everything to learn. Two or three appearances at the Olympic, and perhaps a few amateur performances, do not fit an *artiste* for the Haymarket; if they did, the public would have long since applauded Mr. Leigh Murray, who would not have had to work so long and so perseveringly as he has done in order to obtain that ease, elegance, and highly artistic finish which stamp even the smallest part he undertakes. The very fact of Mr. Leigh Murray's impersonation of the Baron, on Saturday night, appearing to be entirely without effort and without art, results from great skill, the fruit of long practice, enabling him to disguise the "art." Not all the natural talent in the world would have effected this unaided. It required, indeed, a first-rate actor to save the Baron from being ridiculous, when he is obliged to speak with enthu-

siasm of the vivacity, elegance, and captivating manners of a Blanche de la Valette, who was prevented by her ignorance of the simplest business of the stage from availing herself of whatever talent she might possess. A man might as well complain of the excessive heat of the climate if he were engaged in an exploring expedition at the North Pole, as talk of Mrs. Temple's vivacity and elegance. Spite of this, however, Mr. Leigh Murray was admirable, and elicited frequent marks of approbation from those discerning persons who appreciated the position in which he was placed, and his consummate tact in making the best of a bad thing. The French have a proverb, *à quelque chose malheur est bon*, and Mrs. Temple would do well to bear the fact in mind. Let her not look upon her non-success—for non-success it decidedly was—as an irreparable misfortune, but rather let her regard it as a piece of good luck, as affording a proof how kindly *artistes* of real merit are always ready to assist a novice, and let her be assured that the same feeling which induced Mr. Buckstone to play a part quite unworthy of him, and, in common with every one else concerned, to do all in his power to put her at her ease, and to make up for her tameness as a beginner, will also induce him to act as kindly when his assistance, like the seed thrown on good ground, will be more likely to take root, and bring forth fruit.

The theatre closed its doors for the regular season on Wednesday. We suppose that the intense heat has something to do with this; for the warmer the weather is, the cooler the public becomes as far as theatricals are concerned. When the thermometer is at eighty-three, dramatic enthusiasm is at zero. In taking leave of Mr. Webster, for a time, we must thank him for the untiring energy he has invariably displayed in doing all that lay in his power to contribute to the public amusement, and to the cause of the English stage. If ever man deserved well of all who are interested in theatrical matters, that man is Mr. Webster; and with our very best wishes for his success next season we gratefully bid him adieu. The theatre was opened on Thursday for an extra-night, being for the benefit of Mr. F. Webster.

SURREY.—Mr. Balfe's new opera, to be produced here next Monday, is founded on the farce of the *Devil to Pay*. The music is, we understand, exceedingly pretty, and the "caste" will, of course, embrace the whole strength of the company. Mr. Travers will be the count, and M. Borroni the basket-maker. Miss Romer will be his wife, and Miss Poole the termagant countess. The story is admirably suited for a comic opera, and if Mr. Balfe has been as happy as usual, he may hope for a lease of popularity to his new work equal to any that has attended his former efforts.

#### LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE fourth annual general meeting of this society was held in the small room, Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, the 12th instant. There was a tolerable attendance of members, including a few ladies. Some of those who have usually taken an active part in the proceedings were absent. As neither the President the Rev. B. S. Ffinch, the Honorary Secretary the Rev. W. S. Austin, nor either of the Vice Presidents the Rev. R. Sale and the Rev. O. F. Owen, attended the meeting, a rev. gentleman, whose name we did not catch, was called to the chair.

The Chairman opened the business by some lengthened preliminary remarks. He said that as he resided a considerable distance from town it usually cost him 23s. or 24s. to attend a meeting, consequently he could not often be present. When he reflected that the object of the society was the support of native

talent, he could not but feel they had an important duty to fulfil. Mr. Surman had brought forward English talent; it was owing to his great and continued exertions that English musical talent has obtained a position it never reached before. Mr. Surman had enabled them to show to Germany, France and Italy, that England would not yield to either in her appreciation of the works of the great masters, nor in the power to give those works full expression. Go also into the churches; see what could be done now without an instrument; before, even with an instrument, what trouble they had to get on. He did not want to take away the instrument from psalmody, for the choir should look to the organist as well as the minister. But they should so look, as not to be as they usually were; half a note or three-quarters of a note behind. He often thought of the importance of the Society in correcting the evils complained of, and in establishing similar societies elsewhere. He assured the members that when he was unable to be present in person, he should be with them in spirit. He regretted there should now be anything like disruption in the society. The members should all be men who had its advancement at heart, not men who could for self-interest take part in proceedings which led to outrages on members and attacks on the society. This evening a proposition would be made to remove some of those evils and to provide a means of exclusion from the society, by the committee, of any member who might become obnoxious to them.

He thanked the ladies for their attendance; he knew their value; if he wanted to build a chapel and were to apply to the ladies, he felt sure they would always aid and assist him.

After the confirmation of the minutes of the last annual general meeting, and the special meeting of the 28th of April, held in consequence of the resignation of the late President, the Rev. George Roberts, the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Waghorn, jun., read the report, and in the absence of the Treasurer, the accounts for the past year.

In commencing the report of the fourth season, the committee entreated the forbearance of the members. It had been said that the thread of life was a mingled yarn; so it was with this society. It was hoped it would now no longer have to meet the enmity to which it had been exposed. It had been subject to every species of attack and intrigue. Attacks in the public papers accompanied by suppression of facts—unfair rivalry of performances, &c. Notwithstanding this the committee were proud to see improvement had taken place in the performances. The report noticed the resignation of the late Secretary, who had been of much service to the society. It also referred to the course taken by the Rev. Mr. Roberts in resigning his office of President, as well as to that pursued by the Vice-President, the Rev. F. J. Stainforth; for his loss much regret was felt.

The committee considered Mr. Surman had constantly endeavoured to serve the best interests of the society. He had carried their flag triumphantly through the battle and the breeze. During the season the committee had given seven perfect performances of the most successful character. The amount of receipts did not equal the expenditure, but it had not shaken the confidence of the committee in the society's prosperity.

From the abstract of accounts, it appeared that, in addition to the losses of the three previous years, there had accrued a further deficiency of between £200 and £300 in the past season.

The gross receipts of the seven concerts had been £300 and some odd pounds, being an average of a little more than £40 per night.

Besides the former loss of £1,181 17s. 6d., with outstanding interest, there was now due to the treasurer a sum of £192 3s. 8d. In the event of the society possessing funds, Mr. Surman has a further claim of about £500 for loan of music. It therefore appears that the deficiency in the four years of its existence amounts to nearly £2000.

On putting the notion that the report be received, the Chairman adverted to some professed friends of the society among the members, whom he denominated wolves in sheep's clothing. He wondered at their last meeting that no one had asked the black-faced reporter from whence he came, and stopped him. He hoped he should be excused for addressing them, for he was more accustomed to talk to companies of clod-hoppers. He had come up on

purpose to attend the meeting. He had not even told the wife of his bosom where he was gone; but on his return home he should rejoice her heart by telling her he had been protecting the interests of an injured man. It now devolved upon the members to support the society. There had been amongst them those who reported their proceedings and made them public. Whatever events might tend to operate against the society, there is, as Dibdin says, "a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to take care of the life of poor Jack." He congratulated the society on the retirement of many of the members of the committee. It was not right to have any one on it in whom the greatest confidence could not be placed. If he himself could not aspire to the office of vice-president, he trusted that elsewhere, like David, he might have a few sheep in the wilderness, and he hoped that in serving the society, he should act as valiantly as Samson. They had had certain individuals retire from the committee, and they should be thankful for having got rid of these black sheep. It would be his duty to propose others to fill their places. The Chairman then remarked, "I observe a reporter present." The gentleman alluded to was asked if he was a member. He replied in the affirmative. He was then required to produce his ticket; having done so, he was informed he could not be allowed to report the proceedings. Upon this, he stated he had heard with surprise allusions to enemies of the society. He was not one. He was simply a member. He thought the best friends of the society should neither be afraid nor ashamed to have the proceedings reported. (Cries of "No, no," from Mr. Surman and his supporters.) If the meeting wished no report, he would retire. (Cheers.)

After the excitement caused by this unusual incident had abated, the report, and the recommendations contained in it, were adopted. In consequence of the resignations of the committee, a number of new nominations were made. Among them was the name of Mr. William Williams, who resigned his office in April last, in consequence of his connection with some other members of the society, in an anonymous pamphlet, which, after a long hesitation, he acknowledged in the pages of the *Athenaeum*. His election was much cheered by Mr. Surman and those immediately acting with him. The names of the other parties elected on the committee possess no public interest.—The usual routine of business being then gone through, the meeting separated.

It was rumoured in the hall that it is the intention of an influential section of the members to take immediate steps for the formation of a new society. The parties to this movement comprise many of those who stood by Mr. Surman after his retirement from the conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1848. It is further stated that they propose securing the assistance of a professor, as conductor of the new society, a gentleman of eminent ability and high standing.

## STRAUSS AND HIS SOPHIE WALTZ.

*A Sketch from the French by W. Grilliers.*

JOHN STRAUSS may indeed merit the epithet of the modern Orpheus, for his tender, moving, and soul-stirring music cannot fail to conquer the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore. Ye sons and daughters of revelry, who have oft listened to his ever-gushing, inexhaustible fount of melody, cannot ye say with me that the magic sounds might indeed soothe hearts, still sighs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and even move the stones themselves? Ye must have observed the full and syren-like beauty and poetry of his melody, in one phrase of which may be found more music—real music, than in many a heavy score. And it is not the melody alone which seizes with magical influence on the brain, and finds its way into every nook and corner of our being, but the rhythm is irresistible. His violin is the talisman by which he brings forth from the inward recess of the human soul the brightest seraphic joy, the deepest, direful woe, and then mingles them with Jove-like hand. The bow with which he draws these various coloured tones from his instrument is the magic wand, which, touching the desponding and grief-torn soul with a precious and healing balm of joy, lends her wings to rise phoenix-like high, high into the



heaven of peace. There are numerous waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few are as rich in that melting rhythm which characterises the music of Strauss. By turns skipping, humming, waltzing, gliding, and dancing, so inviting, so irresistible that no one—without a dancer—can withstand their witching and magical influence. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna, lie Strauss' waltzes. He has written over two hundred, all are favourites; all are sung, and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Flebeian and aristocrat hum and pipe them, orchestra and barrel-organ play them. We hear them in the street, at the ball; in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese carry him in triumph on their shoulders, and shout "Strauss for ever," the rest of Europe re-echoes the sound and cries "Strauss for ever."

Strauss, the waltz-hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye as blue as Italy's heaven, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty shone forth in every motion, and sweet melody in every tone. He would have given worlds to have won but one glance of love from this beautiful being, but she was cold and stern. Madness indeed it was for a poor wandering musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes.

"Rash impertinence," said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson she scarcely deigned to give him a look. Shortly afterwards Sophie became the betrothed of the Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who also could boast as many proud ancestors as the fair Sophie, but beyond these and his titles he had nothing else.

One day Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie; he sank upon his knees before her, and with the burning words of the maddening passion, declared his love; and besought her to give him but one word or look ere he was quite driven to despair. But no tears or protestations could move her, she was as cold and unfeeling as the inanimate marble. "I am the affianced bride of Count Robert," she said, haughtily, "and if it were otherwise think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?" She turned scornfully away and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the nuptial day—in eight days she would become the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the grand saloon of the city, and the count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on the occasion, and to honour his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I pardon him, and my prayer to heaven is that she may be happy, and that she never repent her choice."

But his waltz! a thought strikes him, it shall be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie, it should challenge her pity, if not her love. Oh! what glorious power, to be able to speak, to reproach, to plead; and through his divine art. To work! to work!

When all the great city slept Strauss took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above, who looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken.

The day of the wedding came at last. The fearful agony of love had given him a waltz every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow and despairing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewel and brighter eye, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than them all. The richest gems lent their beauty and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the admiring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant and piercing black eyes, sharp and strongly marked features, dressed from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes towards the pale and grief-

stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and each time met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt, it was remorse, it was a kindled love. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like the swelling of a stream, growing ever deeper and wider in its onward course, which threatened to overwhelm and destroy her. How gladly would she have wept, but she dared not. It sounded twelve; Strauss gave the signal for the performance of his new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie on the arm of the happy bridegroom. All stand spell-bound with the magic witchery of those magic sounds. They forget to dance, they gaze in wonder up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathes out its woe through his beloved instrument. His bow moved with his heart, his spirit moves in unison. The bridegroom leads off the dance, and Strauss, with fascinated, tearful eyes, and torn heart, follows the flying pair in their giddy whirl. They dance, and dance, and dance, and still do not cease. Strauss plays, and plays, and no stop to his wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They still dance, and dance; he plays, and plays; as sudden as the lightning's flash the E of his violin snaps, and at the same moment the beautiful Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his trembling hands, and, with a cry of horror, he shrieks "Sophie!" and falls fainting on the ground.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her to the last moment of his existence. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz still lives.

### Foreign.

PHILADELPHIA, June 30, 1852.—When Alboni comes "this-a-ways," depend upon it New York shall learn all about her. Until that time arrives, we of "the big village" must remain contented with the critiques of the *Musical Times*. You have not as yet settled the question for the many. The thing wanted to be known is not how Alboni sings, or what are her *real* merits, but *how does she compare with Jenny Lind?* Is she better or worse? It is a settled idea with many that Lind, who cost the community from four to ten dollars a seat, was the ultimate perfection of all vocalism. Having heard the best, it is of no consequence whether they ever hear or behold a lesser star. Nevertheless, if Alboni should be greater or "gooder," or more virtuous than Jenny, it is not impossible that by dint of superhuman exertion the public may be persuaded to make another effort, and rise another grade. The only criticism I ever heard from anybody of Catherine Hayes was, "She ain't equal to Jenny Lind—what a pity!" This is too bad! In every great artist there are certain elements peculiar to the artist. This principle of mere vulgar comparisons—this weighing out of talent against talent, and genius against genius, is ridiculous. Even *cheese* is more aesthetically regarded than genius by *such* critics; for we recognise in it certain varieties of flavour and value. I had the pleasure of hearing *The Bishop of Bochsa*, or *The Boxer and the Bishop*, last night. Mrs. Bishop sang well, and Bochsa performed a "homage to my friend Tom Moore," and everybody encored everything, and the house was full, and the affair concluded by Madame's appearing in the rakish costume of male and female Mexicans, and singing a song which contained many very positive assertions, that something or other, "*no es verdad*," or isn't true. We owe thanks to Mr. Marshall for his respectable management of this theatre, as well as to Mr. Richings.

Boston, June 25th, 1852.—I have been passing a few days in this city since my return from the South. The play-houses have not presented their usual attractions. The Ravels are at the Howard. The place heretofore occupied by the Germanians has been partially filled by the "Serenade Band," who give cheap afternoon performances. The New

Music Hall is rapidly approximating a finish. It will, in some respects, be far ahead of the Metropolitan Hall. It is hardly needed in this city, and will pay a feeble interest to the stockholders. It is strange that every magnificent project started in Boston must be stained with the imprint of the hand of meanness! In the case of the new Hall, after the immense cost of the building and decorations, an old organ, unfit for a second-rate church, is to be placed in the building. Why not carry out a uniform design, and procure a large and new instrument, especially designed and manufactured for the Hall? Politics is now the order of the day, and until the Presidential contest is passed, I fear but little true patronage will be extended to the "art divine." There is, I learn, some curiosity to hear Albani; but the New York papers have, by extra puffing, so many times misled the Bostonians, that very little confidence in the superior powers of the new *prima donna* can be created, until the lady herself settles the question by her presence and sirging. If she is half what the New York journals represent, she will receive a warm reception, and be generously patronized. Mrs. Barrett is playing a round of popular characters at the Museum, well supported by the company, and by Young Ledley, who gives evidence of ability to tread the higher walks of the drama. There is some anxiety to see the Astor House monkeys and dogs.

HANOVER.—The old theatre closed, on the 27th of June, with Marschner's opera, *Hans Heiling*, and will soon be pulled down for the intended improvement and extension of the royal palace. The beautiful new opera house near the railway station is to be opened on the first of September with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. Dlle. Turba, who for several years sustained a favourite position as soprano, secedes, as does also the barytone, Herr Steinmüller. Of the new *personnel* nothing is known as yet, except that Marschner retains his post as kapell-meister in the new opera house.

### Reviews of Music.

TWENTY INTERLUDES, FOR THE ORGAN OR SERAPHINE.—  
HAYDN WILSON.—T. C. Bates.

Mr. Haydn Wilson apologises and requests the indulgence of "the critic" in consequence of the closing cadences of some of his interludes resembling "the finish of certain tunes." There was no necessity for any allusion to the matter. On the same score any composer that ever composed might be called upon to explain. There are in music seven notes, and to say that seventy thousand tunes have been composed since the invention of the scale and the application of rhythm would be saying too little, since it would not be saying enough. That the beginnings, middles, and endings of numbers of them should bear resemblance is not only probable, but inevitable. Mr. Wilson may therefore feel easy on the point, and put his hands in his breeches-pockets. Let him be satisfied that his interludes are good and useful, easy to play, and pleasant to hear. Whether the cadences be like those of other tunes or not is of little consequence. On reviewing his series of interludes, indeed, Mr. Wilson will find that the cadences of some of them resemble the cadences of others of them. The whole of them, without an exception, conclude with the chords of the dominant and tonic.

SIX WALTZES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.—HAYDN WILSON.—T. Hart.

These waltzes are all pretty, lively, and adapted alike to the capacity and the fingers of children, which is a recommendation. They are all short, which is another recommendation. Thus doubly recommended by themselves, we recommend them ourselves.

SIX HYMN TUNES, TWO CHANTS, AND A DOXOLOGY.—Four Voices, Accompaniment for Organ or Piano.—HAYDN WILSON.—T. Hart.

The hymns and chants of Mr. Wilson, like his interludes, are very unambitious. There is nothing new in them, but there is nothing bad in them. They are carefully written, and are easy to sing and to play. Of the Doxology, to be sung before the gospel, we can say as much, but no more.

FOUR GERMAN SONGS.—No. 1, "Whene'er on death I think" ("O Gott! wenn ich ann's Sterben denke").—No. 2, "Sing on, sing on, ye little Birds" ("Ihr lieben Vöglein, singt nur fort").—No. 3, "The Rose that reached me from thy bow'r" ("Antwort").—No. 4, "I'll rest" ("In der ferne").—Sung by Miss DOLBY.—Composed by S. W. WALEY.—Jullien and Co.

The composer of these songs is evidently a very clever fellow, and thoughtful; one who disdains common places and eschews them. He has a leaning to Mendelssohn, but, in peeping over the wall, he does not overbalance himself and fall into the orchard. He smells his apples and admires their beauty, but does not eat his pears. This by the way. Putting aside metaphor, the songs of Mr. Waley, one of the most accomplished of our amateurs—although as with nearly all music of a certain class, which now a-days pretends to be serious, they betray an evident tendency to the Mendelssohnian manner—are highly meritorious compositions. They are perhaps, on the whole, a little too elaborate and overcharged with accompaniments—a now very common fault, but after all, on the right side, if the composer be a young composer. Mr. Waley has only to acquire the art of letting his ideas speak for themselves. If a melody be so imbedded in accompaniments as to suggest the metaphor of a fly struggling to extricate itself from a treacle-pot, that melody suffers materially. We do not say that any one of Mr. Waley's four songs presents a tune in this plight; but it is good to warn him that he is in danger of caring too little for plain melody, and too much for laboured harmony.

In No. 1, "Whene'er on death I think," while we like the theme, we object to the figure of accompaniment adopted in the first section. It clogs instead of supports. The second section, where the major key relieves the monotony, the accompaniment is decidedly better. There is a great deal of feeling in this song, which moreover expresses the words honestly.

No. 2, "Sing on, sing on, ye little Birds," is the best of the four songs. It is, to use a very hacknied simile, a "gem." The tune is frank, charming, and singable to boot. The accompaniment, an elegant figure of *arpeggio*, is finished in a masterly manner. The whole has an ease and a grace that declare it a pure inspiration, and not, like its predecessor, merely a clever piece of workmanship. It is long, indeed, since we have met with a more charming little piece, one in which so many points of musicianship—well placed and not intruded—are included in so brief a space.

No. 3 and No. 4 are little airs, in the style of the Mendelssohnian *Lieder*. They are both charming, without, however, possessing those high claims to admiration which are to be found in No. 2. "I'll rest," nevertheless, has a tune, which is not likely to let rest the ear of the hearer until it be heard again. It is, moreover, accompanied with extreme neatness. The "Rose" is the simplest of the set, but from its simplicity peep out traces of that artistic feeling by which Mr. Waley's music is so agreeably and constantly distinguished.

To conclude, in calling the attention of professors and amateurs of vocal music to these songs, we are doing a simple act of justice to the composer, who bids fair, in the end, to be a credit to his art.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.—Sacred Song, Words from Psalm 147.—Composed by S. W. WALEY.

This exceedingly clever but somewhat over-elaborated song is already familiar to the musical public through the able singing of Miss Birch, who has introduced it at the monthly concerts of Mr. Hullah, and at other performances, always with effect. We have praised it on those occasions; and, now that we have seen it in print, find no reason to modify the favourable impression we derived from hearing it sung. That it is too long—that the *coda*,

in the major key, with the *tremolando* accompaniments in full harmony, is a little spun out—and that the return to the minor key in the last bars of the concluding symphony is a point so subtle as to escape ordinary comprehension, we have always thought and still think. Nevertheless, there are so many good points, and such a general depth of expression in the song, that its right to be placed entirely apart from the average class of such things is unquestionable. That it pleases no less than the less ambitious essays of its author, is probably more our own loss than the fault of Mr. Waley.

### M. BLUMENTHAL.

[A LADY has offered us the following verses for publication. Gallantry forbids us to decline a proposal from the fair sex :—]

#### ON HEARING JAKES BLUMENTHAL PLAY.

In childhood's days within mine early home,  
I well remember how an ancient crone  
Her countess marvels to my ears unroll'd  
(And oh, the faith of that pure age of gold !)  
What strange delight, in listening to her lore  
Of ghosts, and phantom terrors, wondrous store ;  
How she would tell, if that, when all was still,  
I climb'd the summit of the windy hill  
On moonlit eve, and harken'd without fear,  
The fairy music I should surely hear.

So many times I've gone on summer's night,  
When the deep stars were kindling into light,  
And, seated on the turf that all around  
Bore the charm'd legend of the fairies' ground,  
I've breathless listen'd—all, alas ! in vain,  
I never heard the music of that strain.

Reserv'd to later days, in city pent,  
Where myriad jarring atoms, fused and blent,  
Create a world of shadow and of doom,  
Fog-laden vapours, all-pervading gloom ;  
Where in a world of artificial strife  
The artist lives, and calls the struggle life :  
Reserv'd to me in this unhallow'd throng,  
At last to listen to the fairy song.

He played, and as he played all things did change,  
The lighted room assum'd an aspect strange ;  
Arcadia spread around, its flocks and herds,  
Its shepherd's pipe at noon, its song of birds,\*  
Soft echoes from deep forest-haunted glades,  
Whisper of breezes rustling in the shades,  
A sound of babbling† brooks, and, murmuring streams,  
And‡ angel voices, mingled with my dreams.

He played, and as he played, all look'd around,  
And knew they stood upon enchanted ground.  
Scholar and statesman, poet, artist, belle,  
Confess'd the glamour of that potent spell ;  
Nature resum'd her sway, and all forgot  
The artificial habit of their lot.  
Fell on the languid heart that tender strain,  
As upon thirsting earth, soft summer's rain ;  
And when it ceas'd, all that encircling ring  
Proclaiming Jakes Blumenthal the Fairy King !

CATHERINE F. CARTWRIGHT.

May, 1852.

M. Blumenthal may hug himself in the fact of possessing so fair and eloquent an advocate.

\* "Les Oiseaux." † "La Source." ‡ "Les deux Anges."

### MADAME MEDORI.

[We extract from *La France Musicale* the following article of Marie Escudier, without, however, in any way pledging ourselves to the opinions therein expressed. ED. MUSICAL WORLD.]

A few years since, a young singer of French extraction unpretendingly made her appearance, though not without exciting public attention, in a second-rate theatre in Italy. We were the first in France to make known the name of Mademoiselle Wilmot, who has since become celebrated under that of Madame Medori. It must not, however, be imagined that she raised herself at once to the unrivalled position she now occupies. An *artiste's* career in Italy is not so easy as it is generally thought to be ; there are numberless difficulties to be overcome, and it is impossible to cite a single artist of renown, either male or female, who has not been obliged to work hard for his or her success beyond the Alps. Mademoiselle Wilmot had many a thorny path to traverse, but like all artists who obey an irresistible impulse, she pursued her course in spite of every obstacle, and one day—it was in 1849—she met an intelligent *Impressario* who felt that the period was at length arrived to offer the young singer a theatre worthy of her high aspirations. Monsieur Bocca invited her to Brussels, where he had established an Italian Opera which included many artists for which London and Paris have since contended.

At Brussels, Mademoiselle Wilmot became Madame Medori, and it was under this name that she was destined to achieve greatness. At Brussels, she played in *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *I Masnadieri*, and the astonishment of the public, who were not yet accustomed to the great works of Verdi, was succeeded by an almost Neapolitan enthusiasm. The ice of the Flemish character was broken, and Madame Medori became the object of the most insane as well as the most legitimate ovations. It was at this period that we ourselves heard her and our first care, on returning to Paris, was to call the attention of the Parisian *Impressari* to this brilliant *prima donna*. But at Paris we are strange beings ; when an artist has torn his voice and his talent in passing through all the thorns and brambles of his profession, we begin to perceive that he exists ; we admire him on hearsay, and we then pay a high price for, not his talent, but the shadow, or, to speak more correctly, the remembrance of his talent. We then exclaim : "Look there, now, how we ought to distrust a reputation gained abroad ! It is France alone that can form artists and encourage them afterwards." Poor France ! you must have a strong back not to be crushed beneath the weight of all the absurdities that are attributed to you behind the scenes.

Fortunately for artists, there are other lyrical theatres and other managers under the sun than those of Paris, the city of great judges. Saint Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, New York, and Havannah, possess active and intelligent agents spread about the continent of Europe, and when a star shines in the horizon they do not wait until it has undergone the fate of a shooting star, to attract it to them. Of managers, the manager of Saint Petersburg is at once the most active and the most powerful, for he is the Emperor in person. How is it possible to resist, I should like to know, a personage who wears the double crown of Pope and Emperor ! He desired to possess Madame Medori's services, and all he had to do was to despatch the commander-in-chief of his musical caprices, M. Guédénoff, to Brussels ; the



young lyrical tragedian was immediately caught in meshes of gold, which rendered her stay in Russia as delightful as would have been that in Naples and in Florence. In this manner did she visit Saint Petersburg, where she sang on the same stage as Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamberlik and Tamburini, suddenly raising herself to the height of their grand reputation. She played in *Maria di Rohan*, *Ernani*, and *Roberto il Diavolo*, producing so great a sensation in these three works that the Emperor ordered her salary to be doubled, and her engagement to be renewed for the next season, besides overwhelming her with presents.

From Saint Petersburg, Madame Medori proceeded to Vienna, attracted by the brilliant offers of M. Mérelli, the talented director of the Imperial Theatre, who never spares any sacrifice to surround himself with the very best artists, both for opera and ballet. In Vienna, Madame Medori played in *Ernani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *Macbeth*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Marito e l'Amante*, by Ricci, compelling the Viennese public, who are naturally averse to novelties on the Italian lyrical stage, to enjoy the compositions of Verdi, and applaud them as much as the most justly admired masterpieces of the older composers. After her first appearance in *Norma*, M. Mérelli, as liberal as a Czar, increased her salary, and induced her to sign a magnificent engagement for the next season. After her third appearance, an agent of Mr. Gye, who had gone to Vienna purposely to hear her, engaged her for the season of 1853 at Covent Garden.

Madame Medori is now fairly on the road to glory and to fortune. She is still extremely young, and her organisation is one of those which, instead of being fatigued, gathers fresh strength from hard work and the excitement of success. In more than one particular, she recalls to our mind Giulia Grisi, when the latter picked up the crown which had fallen from the icy forehead of Malibran. She possesses all Grisi's beauty, is of the same height, and her glance, also like Grisi's, is haughty and gentle at the same time. Like Grisi, too, she can sing the most opposite styles, although the style she prefers is lyrical tragedy in the highest and most poetical acceptation of the term. Such is the artist whom Saint Petersburg, Vienna, and London will, in turn, soon applaud, and who is now reposing a few leagues from Paris, without any of our admirable managers giving themselves the least trouble about the matter, even if they are aware that she is here.

### Original Correspondence.

#### A QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me what exercises you would recommend my adopting for the cultivation of the voice; I wish something exceedingly brilliant—my voice is a very fine one, the upper notes sweet and light, and as it is my intention to sing on the stage some future day, I come to ask your kind aid in directing me in my future movements. A very influential friend advises my training my voice for the French stage, as he thinks Verdi's music being so much in vogue in Italy, it would be injurious for me to go there to attempt his style and ruin my own sweet silvery voice. Will you tell me in your valuable paper the master best suited for me, and what exercises I shall adopt.

Yours faithfully,

CANTATRICE.

[Here is a challenge. Let all our subscriber-professors plead their own cause. Our column's safe to be filled.—Ed. M. W.]

### Provincial.

**BOLTON.**—One of the greatest fires that has happened in Bolton for several years took place on Tuesday night week, at the Star Inn concert room and museum, when that establishment was destroyed. The building was erected some 12 years ago, and stood immediately behind the Star Inn, Church-gate, with which it was connected. It was about 150 feet long, 45 feet wide, and 40 feet high, and comprised, on the basement story, workshops, brew-house, and stabling; in the second story, a large concert room, with galleries; and in the third story, an extensive museum, containing many hundreds of rare and curious objects—a large proportion of the roof being used as a promenade. The establishment was one of the most famous in the county, owing to its combining a spacious concert room with a large museum; and it was constantly visited by strangers from distant places, as well as being much frequented by the inhabitants of Bolton. The entertainments provided in the concert room, consisted of music, vocal and instrumental; living tableaux, with scenic effects; operatic and other kinds of dancing; acrobatic and gymnastic feats; panoramas, &c. The collecting of the articles in the museum had extended over a period of upwards of twenty years. The whole concern was closed on Monday night for a week, for the purposes of cleaning and repairs, and on Tuesday a number of painters, carpenters, and other workmen were employed in the concert room, up to eight o'clock in the evening. The fire was first discovered in the museum, from half-past ten o'clock to a quarter before eleven. Water, conveyed in buckets, was thrown into the museum for a short time, but the flames and smoke rapidly increased and spread, and the parties endeavouring to extinguish the fire were obliged to relinquish their efforts in that part, without saving a single article which the museum contained. Amongst other things were five live monkeys and three or four animals of different descriptions, which made dismal noises. Special attention was then directed to the concert room, from which moveable property of considerable value was taken without having sustained any injury. Owing to there being much timber in the buildings, and other combustible matters, as wax figures, in the museum, the fire raged furiously, and continued till between twelve and one o'clock, when nothing but the walls remained in their previous position. Several valves connected with the corporation water works were put in operation, for throwing water into and upon the burning premises and adjoining property; as were also two or three of the town's engines, and engines belonging to Messrs. R. Burton and Sons, Bolton. Ormrod and Hardcastle, Bolton; and T. B. Crompton, Farnworth. In reference to the corporation valves and engines considerable delay took place before they could be got into good working order, owing to a want of efficient organization and arrangement amongst the fire brigade, the superintendent of which, Mr. A. Brabin, appeared to be peculiarly excited. During the fire great numbers of cottagers and others occupying property in the immediate neighbourhood, were to be seen removing their effects into the streets and elsewhere for safety; and the scene was rendered increasingly awful by repeated flashes of lightning. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained. With respect to the amount of damage, it is believed it will be from £6,000 to £7,000, about one-half of which is covered by insurance in the West of England office. From forty to sixty persons were regularly employed at the Star, who are thrown out of work; and Mr. Benfold, who had at the museum a quantity of photographic apparatus, philosophical and mechanical instruments, &c., will be a sufferer to the extent of about £90. Mr. W. Sharples, the proprietor of the Star, who also owns the theatre, has consented to gratuitously allow the use of the latter establishment this evening for the benefit of those whom the fire has deprived of employment.—*Bolton Paper.*

### Miscellaneous.

**THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION, ST. JAMES THEATRE (E. LAND, HON. SEC.)**—Our contemporary *The Sunday Times* has the following judicious remarks on the series of concerts just concluded:—"The entertainments presented by the above society at the St. James's Theatre have been decidedly superior to any of a

like nature hitherto attempted in the metropolis. The well-known ability of the Misses Pyne and Dolby, and of Messrs. Francis, Land, Swift, and Frank Bodda, has proved deservedly attractive to the lovers of English glees and madrigals—ancient, modern, and mediæval. Great pains have been bestowed by the above artists on the rehearsals of the various pieces presented during the series, and it is but our duty to add that they have succeeded most signally in their undertaking. The works executed have been discriminately selected, and have exemplified the specialities of the various stages of this school of music. Mr. Land, well qualified for the office, has officiated as conductor, and the society has altogether established for itself a high position. On Thursday afternoon the last performance took place, and attracted a fashionable audience, who evidently appreciated justly the exertions of the artists. The programme comprised glees by Horsley, Dr. Cooke, Sir Henry Bishop, Muller, Stephens, Magrath, Spofforth, Storace, and Harrison; also a madrigal by Barnett, and one by Wilson and Saville. Horsley's glee, for four voices, 'By Celia's labour,' was admirably rendered, and received the well merited and unanimous applause of the audience. Cooke's glee, 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,' was remarkable for the graceful and refined vocalisation of Miss Pyne and Miss Dolby, whose sympathetic voices were most advantageously displayed in the rendering of the simple and unaffectedly beautiful melody. The glee was redemanded *una voce*. The remainder of the selection was characterised by the utmost excellence on the part of the ladies and gentlemen already mentioned, and their efforts afforded universal satisfaction."

HERREN GOLLMICK AND KLOSS gave a Morning Concert on Monday, the 28th ultimo, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The vocalists were Madame Anna Bockoltz Falconi, and Signor Gardoni; the instrumentalists, in addition to Herren Gollmick and Kloss (piano), Mr. John Thomas (harp), and Herr Hausmann (violin). There was a full orchestra, which played a symphony and "March Triumphale," composed by Herr Gollmick, a concert overture by Herr Kloss, and an overture to a comic opera by Herr Gollmick, called *The Oracle*. Herren Kloss and Gollmick played a duo concertante, by Thalberg, on two grand pianos, and Herr Kloss played a solo piano of his own composition. The other items were Mozart's "Non più di fiori," and an air from *Semiramide*, by Mademoiselle Anna Bockoltz Falconi, a romance by Signor Gardoni, a harp fantasia by Mr. John Thomas, and a solo on the violoncello by Herr Hausmann.—(The above from a correspondent).

MR. ROILEY, of Blackburn, has had the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon him.

Mlle. PARODI, one of Mr. Lumley's prima donnas in 1849, has returned to Europe after a lengthened and we believe a profitable sojourn in America. She gave two concerts at Philadelphia previous to sailing.

ANECDOTE OF ALBONI.—An American paper in announcing the first concert of Alboni at New York relates that "A number of gentlemen who were dining at the hotel the other day, invited Signor Alboni to be their guest; whereupon he returned the compliment after dinner, and inviting them to the parlor, he requested Signora to sing for them—a request she complied with. We are told she is a most amiable and agreeable lady." We never heard of Signor Alboni until this anecdote came across our eyes.

RE-UNION DES ARTS.—The programme of last Monday's soirée was unusually long, but included several novelties, and we therefore content ourselves to say that the instrumental pieces were a quartett by Mozart, exceedingly well played by Messrs. Witt, Goffrie, Webb, and W. F. Reed, and a manuscript trio of much merit for piano, violin, and cello by Mr. Warburg, performed by that gentleman, Messrs. Goffrie and Reed, in an artistic manner; Miss Gange, an amateur pianist, played very effectively Mozart's trio in concert with Messrs. Webb and Goffrie; and Madame Goffrie and Mr. Warburg received much applause in a concertante duo for two pianos. The singers were Madame Lemaire, Miss M. Rose, Mlle. Wagner, and Mlle. Pauline Lang, who made her first appearance, and was very successful. On Monday evening, the 26th, the last soirée of the season will take place, on which occasion Herr Jansa will lead a quartett and play a sonata by Beethoven with Madame Goffrie.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY has been appointed acting manager under Mr. Sheridan Smith's new management at Drury Lane. We know of no one more fitted in every respect for so responsible a situation. Although very young, Mr. Edward Murray has gained great experience in his profession during the long period he held office under Mr. Farren, at the Strand and Olympic Theatres. His politeness and gentlemanly attention to all with whom his duties bring him in contact are proverbial. The theatre opens next Monday with *Hamlet* and a new farce entitled *Mrs. Johnson*. Report speaks highly of Mr. Buchanan from New York, who will sustain the principal character in the tragedy.

MADAME SONTAG is still at Ems. The date of her arrival in London cannot, however, be remote.

CHARLES HALLE has gone to Dusseldorf. He will spend a fortnight in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and then return to Manchester.

Mlle. WILHELMINE CLAUS left London for the Continent on Tuesday.

HILDEBRAND ROMBERG.—This young and talented violoncellist has returned to Germany. He will pay London a second visit next season.

MADAME OURY, who, amidst all the influx of foreign celebrities, keeps her prominent position as one of the first pianists, and the favourite of the most aristocratic circles, gave a most interesting matinée at her residence last week. She was assisted by Piatti, Bottesini, and M. Oury; Miss L. Pyne, Mlle. Dobie, Signor Gardoni, and M. Levassor. Madame Oury executed Beethoven's sonata in A, with violoncello, Liszt's *Prophète*, and some of her own compositions, to the great delight of her audience, which, besides most of the critics, consisted of the highest of our *haute volée*. All artists exerted themselves *con amore*, to produce one of the most agreeable and recherché matinées musicales.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—From the full report just printed of the operations of this important institution it appears that the 31 concerts of 1851 produced receipts of upwards of £9,000, and that the ordinary expenses connected with them were nearly £7,600. Including subscriptions, the gross takings of the year exceeded £10,000. The profits on the sale of the books of words, sold to the audiences at sixpence each, had more than sufficed to purchase the extensive stock of orchestral music required during the past four years. The hall is now closed for alteration and decorations; during such time very extensive improvements are to be made in the organ, which will be entirely reconstructed.

HERR SCHACHNER, the pianist and composer, has left London for Munich.

M. BLUMENTHAL, the popular pianist and composer, has left London for a tour in Germany.

BALFE and BUNN's new comic opera, to be produced on Monday at the Surrey Theatre, is entitled *The Devil's in It*.

SPOHR.—The illustrious composer left London on Wednesday morning for Hesse Cassel, to resume his professional avocations.

JOSEPH JOACHIM left London on Tuesday evening, and has returned to Weimar.

SIVORI leaves London this day, and proceeds to Boulogne, en route for Paris.

ADOLPHE SCHIMON has left for Boulogne.

OLE BULL is paying a visit to General Pierce, at Concord, N. Y.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP will shortly arrive in New York, and sing probably in Castle Garden. Braham, the favourite tenor, is attached to the troupe.

PAUL JULLEN, the boy-violinist, who produced so great a sensation in Paris last year, is at present in New York. He has already performed before a select party of amateurs and professors at Irving House.

IMPERTINENCE OF YOUNG AMERICA.—When Metropolitan Hall boasted of a wide entrance, the row of inspectors ranged on each side at the close of a concert, were not complained of, for there was room enough for ladies to avoid too close a proximity to them; but now when the passage is reduced to four or five feet width, to encumber this narrow range with gazers, and to have even the stairs outside the building thronged with well-dressed impertinents, into whose arms ladies seem to be rushing as they leave the building,—this is a positive rudeness. Will not Young America waive its

its right of being impertinent, until the new entrance to the hall is completed, when the folly will not seem insulting.—*Musical Times*.

**DEATH OF MR. J. E. FIELD.**—We regret to notice in our obituary the name of a clever musician, Mr. J. E. Field. Though the loss to the cause of music in and about Maidstone will undoubtedly be felt by many, yet the event to the deceased must have been a merciful one, he having been a great sufferer for a considerable length of time. Mr. Field could play on ten instruments, many of them in a most superior manner, and some of his pianoforte compositions evince great cleverness. Talent must command admiration; and though Mr. Field had his failings (as who has not?), yet the musical professors of this town have lost an able brother artist, and many, an entertaining and agreeable companion.—*South Eastern Gazette*.

**MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON** sang last week at the residence of the mayor, J. Smith, Esq., Bradford, at a musical *soirée*. The fair artist appeared on the 14th instant at the Cheltenham Pump Rooms, Harrogate, and sang with distinguished success.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS** has left London for Prussia on a tour of pleasure, and returns in September.

**EYRE ARMS, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.**—Miss Watson gave her first benefit concert here on Wednesday evening. The artists were efficient and numerous; the programme well-suited to popular taste, and the encores abundant. Madame Lemaire was encored in Donizetti's aria, "In questo semplice," and in a Spanish melody. This lady has a voice of great power, excellent quality, and extensive compass. Her style is dramatic, and she would be an acquisition to the English lyrical stage. Miss Messent was encored in Osborne's song, "I have wandered by the brook's side," and in the Scotch melody, "Comin' thro' the rye." A Scotch song is a sure card with this lady. The fair *beneficiaire* was called on to repeat a song of Mr. Hobbs's, and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart." This youthful vocalist has a sweet soprano voice, and sings ballad music with taste and feeling. Mr. Glover's song, "The young lady's No," was re-demanded at the hands of Miss Von Esch Taylor; and Mr. H. Phillips's "Shall I wasting in despair," was sung and repeated by Mr. Wallworth. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Mattacks, and Miss Emily Badger (concertina), contributed their efficient support to the programme. Miss Binfield Williams played Mendelssohn's capriccio for the pianoforte and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," and showed the same power of extracting poetry from ivory, by which she has lately given such decided promise of a bright career. Her reading of both pieces was at once graphic and true. The capriccio, brilliant, fiery, and fantastical; the waltz, colloquial and graceful. The fair pianist seemed equally at her ease in both.

**HERRN HENNEN.**—These talented professors of the piano and violin respectively gave their first *Matinée Musicale* at the New Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday last. They were assisted by Mrs. Alexander Newton, the Misses Brougham, and Mr. George Tedder. The rooms were not very full, in consequence, it may or may not be supposed, of the heat of the weather, which was quite oppressive. There was, however, a good sprinkling of ladies and fashionable. The concert opened with Beethoven's quartet in G, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, by Messrs. F. Hennen, Poltitz, Stehling, and Lutgen, a very excellent performance. It was succeeded by Mrs. Alexander Newton, who gave Bellini's "Qui la voce" in a most brilliant and expressive manner. Herr Hennen followed in the first and sixth of his "Etudes de Concert," and was encored. The Herr has a pliant finger and a strong, and plays soundly and well, and must be encouraged, and in time he may become a popular pianist. In Mendelssohn's charming duet, "O wert thou in the cauld blast," the Misses Brougham, by their charming manner and unpretending style, and by their pretty looks and neat muslin to boot, so pleased every individual in the room, that every individual in the room insisted on a repeat; whereon, nothing loth, the twin stars came forward and repeated. The Misses Brougham are much improved since we first heard them at the late deceased Wednesday Concerts. Their voices are stronger and more decided, and blend together better. The Misses

Brougham now promise to become among the most popular of our sister duet singers. Herr Hennen was again encored in a composition of his own, which again he executed pliantly and stoutly, and with an able finger. Mr. George Tedder always produces a sensation in "The Thorn," which he gives very finely, albeit approaching to the vulgar in manner. With Mr. George Tedder's voice anything may be done, but to become a singer at all points much more is required than a fine voice. We would recommend strongly to Mr. George Tedder, as a tenor in whom we have faith, to take his style and manner, if possible, from Mr. Sims Reeves, who can deliver the lowliest ballad, and the most English, and yet preserve the same elegance and refinement of tone as though he were singing "Adelaida," or "Fra Poco." A word to the wise. Herr F. Hennen played a fantasia of his own, called "Les Hirondelles," on the violin, with excellent mechanism and great spirit, and obtained a distinguished amount of the clapping of fair hands. Mrs. Alexander Newton gave Mozart's "Gli angeli d'inferno," from the *Flauto Magico*, admirably, the high notes being delivered with extraordinary power and clearness. After another pianoforte solo by Herr Hennen, the Misses Brougham sang Mendelssohn's "Greeting" duet with great neatness and prettiness, were encored, and the concert terminated. Mr. Anschuetz conducted.

### THE ORGAN.

THE rapidly growing importance of the organ, as an instrument for executive display of the highest class, the large amount of amelioration in its structure, now coming to light here and on the Continent, and the constantly increasing attention directed by a large section of professors, as well to the "king of instruments" itself, as to the quantity of noble music of old made, and now still making, especially for its use, seem to bespeak for it, and all belonging to it, a somewhat prominent place in a journal devoted to music. So thinking, the proprietors of the *Musical World* have much pleasure in informing their subscribers, that they have succeeded in securing, for this department, the services of a gentleman, probably second to none in Europe in his practical acquaintance with the structural and exhibitive qualities of the organ. His office will be to record, describe, and critically examine every professed improvement, mechanical and acoustical, made in the instrument in this country or elsewhere. Every new instrument of sufficient importance, either as to size or peculiarity of arrangement, will be personally inspected, and fully reported on; and, generally, every question connected with the organ—its position, in church or concert-hall, the variety and quantity of its contents, as adapted to various localities, and the peculiar merits and defects of its various constructors—will receive the amplest discussion our pages can afford. And lastly, all new publications for the organ, whether original compositions or adaptations, will be carefully reviewed, not merely as to their musical qualities, but chiefly as to their technical fitness to the instrument for which they are designed.

In furtherance of these views, we invite correspondence from all professors, metropolitan and provincial, interested in the subject, and promise them all possible consideration to their suggestions.



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